

Providence, Aug. 1, 1874.

My Dear Wife:

Yesterday forenoon I took an excursion ticket to Oakland Beach, some fifteen miles down the River - about half way to Newport - a rival of Rocky Point, and the most frequented. Our steamer, the Jesse Hoyt, was a large and beautiful one, and crowded in all parts with men, women and children, who all landed at the Beach (except an old rheumatic man from Woonsocket and myself) to spend the day. Even without our crowd, the place was swarming with visitors, many of whom were bathing, and others engaged in various sports. A very large and handsome hotel has been erected there, and the location has many attractions. But for my lameness, I should like to have remained till the evening boat returned. Each way the sail was delightful; there has not been a more perfect day this season; there was a pleasant, invigorating breeze, just enough

to multiply the "white caps" on the water, without affecting the equilibrium of our boat. I got back in season for dinner - half past 1 P.M. - getting a nice clam chowder and a generous slice or two of a huge watermelon (all the way from Georgia), the finest I ever saw, perhaps, - the sight of which would have made Frank's mouth as liquid ^{as} the melon itself. It cost one dollar.

The old man to whom I have referred was a queer genius and very odd looking. He said he was 76 years old; that at the age of 16 he had a typhoid fever, to cure which he was dosed with calomel and dreadfully salivated; that the result was chronic rheumatism, now affecting one part and now another of his system, and for more than forty years he had been trying all sorts of doctors and so-called infallible remedies to no purpose - spending thousands of dollars in vain; and he advised me to forego all medical treatment as delusive. Not very encouraging, is it? -

He said he was a Spiritualist, but evidenced his belief in a very funny way. Thus:—I said, as we were sailing toward the city, "Here we are steadily and surely approaching the end of our journey; symbolizing how we are borne on the tide of time to our earthly goal." "Yes," he replied, "every day, every hour, every ^{moment}, we are drifting toward nothing"—whereupon I smiled, and said nothing. He was indeed "a character."

I met William Townsend on the street, and he kindly accompanied me to the boat. He was not aware that I was in the city till he saw me.

Last evening bro. Henry Anthony spent an hour with me. Next Wednesday he invites me to a clam-bake. He says Charlotte has a swelling in one of her knees, which cripples her somewhat. The cause of it is not yet known: it may be a collection of water, or rheumatism. Cousin Julia also made a pleasant call; she and Miss Waterman dine at a restaurant every day, because they have not yet got the house in order. Miss W. sends an invita-

tion to me to call at any time, sit in her garden, &c. After Julia left, William and Mary Townsend came in and spent an hour, reporting all well at home. Sarah is at Kayat, and we shall in a few days make her a visit together.

This morning the sun shines invitingly for another trip down the bay, and I shall probably go this forenoon.

Dr. Dow gave me a second electrical treatment last night, and it relieved my pain so that I got through the night quite comfortably. The bathing rooms are still undergoing repairs, so that I cannot try their efficacy until next week. Be assured, the Doctor will do his best to cure me.

I have not seen a Boston paper since I left home, and so am ignorant of all local matters. Trusting everything is going on well at home, and that you are daily enjoying a ride, and with love to all, I am, as ever, Your own W.L.G.